

## OUR TABLE.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.—BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

UNDER this somewhat original title we have met with a number of poetical compositions, many of which we have before seen, but which are not on that account less pleasant to meet again. The volume is a collection of pieces which with few exceptions have been already published in some of the American periodicals.—Though many of them possess no particular merit, there are a few which would do no discredit to any pen. Among these we may mention “The Beleaguered City,” and “The Midnight Mass for the Dying Year;” the latter of which we take the liberty to subjoin :—

Yes, the year is growing old  
And his eye is pale and bleared !  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely,—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling  
Solemnly and slow ;  
Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll ;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing ; Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray,—pray !

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers ;—  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain !

There he stands, in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond old year,  
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,  
Like weak, despised lear,  
A king,—a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice !

His joy ! his last ! O, the old man gray,  
Loveth her ever-soft voice,  
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,  
And the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,  
Pray do not mock me so !  
Do not laugh at me !

And now the sweet day is dead ;  
Cold in his arms it lies ;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist nor stain !

Then, too, the old year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
Vex not his ghost !

Then comes, with an awful roar  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm wind !

How ! how ! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away !  
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O soul ! could thus decay,  
And be swept away !

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST, WITH ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS, &c.—BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

WE have had the pleasure of receiving two of the volumes of this splendid work—one of the most generally interesting that has recently emanated from the press—interesting, as well from the nature of the subjects, as the manner in which Miss Strickland treats them.

“The Lives of the Queens of England.” Of how a vast fund of interest are they possessed : Romance and reality, fact and fiction,—may be taxed to the utmost, and yet scarcely exceed the sober truths which are to be found in their history,—from the bride of “the Conqueror” to our own fair Queen, whose history has been perhaps less chequered than that of any of her illustrious predecessors, though even hers has not been without a spice of romance. In the two volumes we find thirteen memoirs—five in the first, and eight in the second ; the former ending with the wife of Henry II., the latter with the Queen of the second Richard ; the whole distinguished by good taste and deep research, initiating the reader into the familiar life of the court—the habits of the sovereign—and the influence of individuals or coteries upon the affairs of the kingdom. In this rests its principal historical value. As a literary production, in the language of a London reviewer, “it will be regarded as a publication of romantic interest, uniformly distinguished by refined feeling and pure morality.”

The author of this work is a sister of Mrs. Moodie, our own valued contributor, and of Mrs. Frail, author of the “Backwoods of Canada,” &c. &c., a short tale from whose pen graces our